52 Lansdowne Terrace.
WC Thursday

My dear Vita,

That will be enchanting – it awfully good of you.

Would Tuesday afternoon suit you?

Should I stay till Friday or Saturday?

Should Leonard come & fetch me back?

Should you mind if Lenly brought one dressing gown?

Should I be a nuisance if I had breakfast in bed?

As for your mysteries, I will
leave them till I see you. & can
investigate at leisure.

But I only put a few
questions on the understanding
that you explain your
wishes frankly.

NYPL

No, I can't go into the question
of Raymond & Lydia: but
beware — all this romantic
traveling soon becomes
monstrous absurd. I am jealous.

W. V. W.

HAMILL & BARKER 2/5/62

52
Tavistock Square,
London, w.c.1.
Telephone : Museum 2621.

Wednesday

My dear Vita

This is the only paper I can find.
I cannot remember where we had got to: cruelty?
I was cruel, you said. I say, no, not cruel,
only being ten years (Imthorn – b. 682) older than
you, thus in another climate altogether, honesty
was so important that all my wiles had to
be forgiven watching what came in with a
view to imposture. I will explain one day.

I am alone, too. Leonard speaking at a
meeting, then going to a party, where a poor
widow, whose husband died by inches, throughout
his youth, of paralysis, is trying to fan a
spark of ghastly flame alive again.

She tells me awful things –
But no matter: don't let's go into death –
disillusionment. Sent you one of the
nicest/most magnanimous of women? I think so.

being alone, ni writing.

V V W.

"Esteem" is a damned cold word - (yours for me) Still I accept it, like the humble Manial Jam.

We then come to what? — Not much news here. I ~~Ha~~ wish you were in the chairs opposite. Yes, I am actually sitting up, after dinner; & no pain.

MYPL

Yes, I am very fond of you: but the poor Manial will have its nose ~~Bat~~ rapped if it says anything more.

I have to write a lecture, for school girls: "How should one read a Book?" & this, by a mere dispensation, seems to me a matter of dazzling importance — breathless excitement.

But I have been trying to prove to Raymond Mortimer that this is not vanity: no; I am not much impressed by what I do: only intoxicated by what is something like your night, your solitude, in which as I maintain we write ~~words off the~~ poems — oh but I cannot find the image. So come & catch it. It's a question of

52 Tavistock Square,
London,
W.C.1

Tuesday. 22nd Dec.

Telephone : 2621 Museum.

My dear Mrs. Nicolson — ah hah! — this is only to say what a scramble I had not time to say yesterday, that my address is Charleston, Firle, Lewes, till Monday next. I hope for a letter from you. Also that I woke trembling in the night — what at? At the thought that I had been grossly inhospitable about lunch on Sunday. There it was smoking on the table — Chicken & apple tart, cream, & coffee: & you, after

moaning, spieling, caring something the Wolf kind for 3 days
sent empty along the pavement? Good God - how the memory
of these things bites like Serpents in the night! But the
late was amused by other pleasures.

I am dashing off to buy a pair of gloves. I am
sitting up in bed: I am very very charming: a Vita is
a dear old rough coated sheep dog: or alienatively, hang
with grapes, pink with pearls, bertrom, candle lit, in
the door of a Levenoaks draper. I'll ask Nessa
whether Saturday or Sunday & with the knobs.
But do not mark the stinking tallow out of your heart —
poor Virginia to wit, a Dog Guzzle (who is scratching
under my bed) Now for a Bus down Southampton Row.
ah, but I like being with Vita.

VW

Wednesday

Yes, my dear Creature, do come tomorrow, as early as possible - I'm threatened with Robert Graves, Mrs R., & Nancy Goldschalk, besides; so come early & we'll stick stamps or sea fish - But I want to know why you were perturbed, & wrote in such a wherl, & what your fine talk was about — oh & crowds of things. But I'm in a rush - have just taken Guzzle to a vet. in the Grays Inn Rd. & now must dash off - Ah, if you wanting love for ever & ever you must break out into spots on your back. And you won't; for ever a

a woman was a lighted
candlestick — a flow, & illuminator
what with cross the desert —
leave me — & war Vita: —
that the truth yet: & the woo
has nothing. nor with Even has, in
Common with dog Guggle who
stand before me, raw, greasy,
mudstained —

But, as pray, Come back
I can't form a word

V W.

Tuesday

NYPL

Came home to find a letter
from Harold, begging me
to get you to promise to be inoculated.
So don't be a donkey & promise
me to do it — or I won't come
to Knole. It's absolutely
necessary. Why risk
Death & typhoid & no
Virginia for sake of 10
minutes bother?
Harold waits about us too —
won't be jealous he says now.
Will you send a line to me at
Monks House to say you
agree (this is serious)
also tell me how I
write to him

Foreign Office
Just off.

Came home to find a letter
from Harold, begging me
to get you to promise to be inoculated -
So don't be a donkey & promise
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minutes bother?
Harold waits about us too -
won't be jealous he says now
Will you send a line to me at
Monks House to say you
agree (this is serious)
also tell me how I
write to him

Yours Ottoline

Just off.